

# The Survivors Tell Thrilling Stories of Wreck, Death and Rescue

## EXPLOSION ENDS TITANIC'S CAREER

Great Hulk Broken in Two  
Soon After Collision.

### STORY OF HIGH COURAGE

Newspaper Man Who Was on  
Carpathia Tells How  
Vessel Sank.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
New York, April 18.—How the Titanic sank is told by Charles F. Hurd, a staff correspondent of the Evening World, who was a passenger on the Carpathia, and to-night furnished the newspaper with his account.

He gives the number of lives lost as 1,700. He praises highly the courage of the crew, hundreds of whom gave their lives with a heroism which, he says, could not be exceeded. The account says that of John Jacob Astor, Henry B. Harris, Jacques Futrell, and others in the long list of first-class passengers.

It was the explosion of the boilers, according to Mr. Hurd's account, which finally finished the Titanic's career. The bulkhead system, though probably working, prevailed only to delay the ship in sinking. The position of the ship's wound on the starboard quarter admitted icy water, according to Hurd's story, which caused the boilers to explode, and these explosions broke the ship in two.

The ship's sinking began in the saloon near the end, the narrative says, and played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The account continues:

"The crash against the iceberg, which had been sighted at only a quarter mile distance, came almost simultaneously with the click of the levers operated from the bridge, which stopped the engines and closed the water-tight doors. Captain Smith was on the bridge a moment later, summoned all on board to put on life-preservers and ordered the lifeboats lowered.

The first boats had more male passengers, as the men were the first to reach decks. When the rush of frightened men and women, and crying children, began, the women's 'women first' rule was rigidly enforced.

Officers drew revolvers, but in most cases there was no use for them. Revolver shots heard shortly before the Titanic went down caused many rumors, one that Captain Smith had shot himself, another that First Officer Murdoch had ended his life, but members of the crew discredit this rumor.

Captain Smith was last seen on the bridge, just before the ship sank, leaping only after the decks had been washed away. What became of the men with the life-preservers was a question asked by many since the disaster.

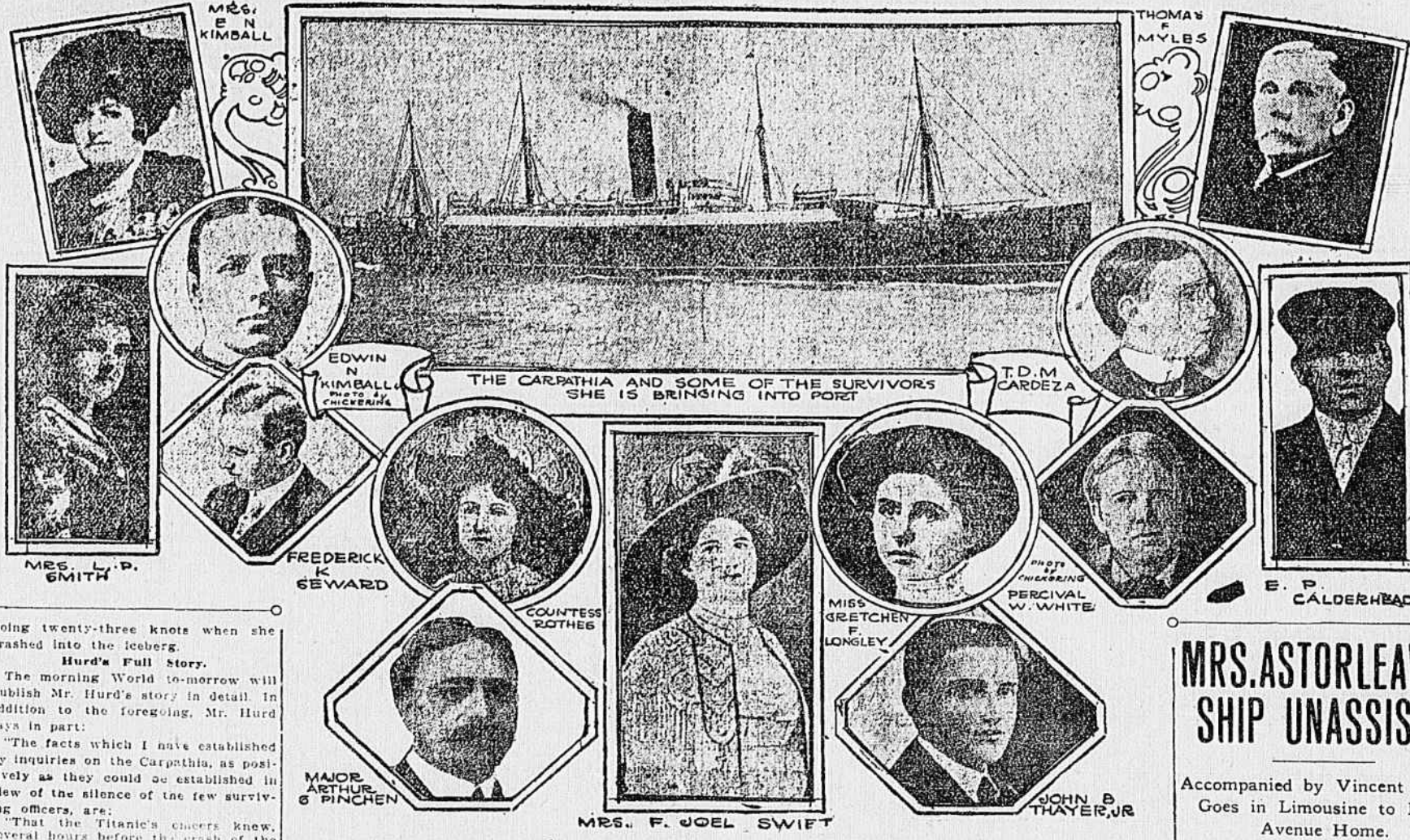
Many of these with life-preservers were seen to go down despite the preservers, and dead bodies floated on the surface as the boats moved away. Mrs. Isidor Straus refused to leave her husband's side, and both perished together.

Harold Cootton, Marconi operator on the Carpathia, did not go to bed at his usual time Sunday night, and as a result, caught the first message of the Titanic's plight, which was received by the ship at 11:40 p.m. of Sunday night. It was testified by several survivors that the Titanic was

## Good Things to Eat Always Save You Money

- 2-lb. cans Best Tomatoes, 9c
- Dried Evaporated Peaches, 2 lbs., 25c
- Best Boneless Codfish, 1-lb. bricks, 6c
- New Sour Krout, quart, 15c
- Dried Evaporated Apples, 1-lb., 11c
- 1-lb. cans Rumford's Baking Powder, 25c
- N. C. Cut Herring, 3 dozen for, 25c
- Post Toasties, 3 pkgs., 25c
- Large Irish Potatoes, peck, 45c
- Good Salt Pork, 95c
- Finest Smoked Corn, dozen, 8c
- Burnishine Metal Polish, can, 8c
- large cans, 15c
- Good Salmon, large cans, 11c
- Good Green or Mixed Tea, lb., 30c
- Best Granulated Sugar, lb., 5c
- Smithfield Country Hams, lb., 18c
- Va. Pride Coffee, fresh roasted, 25c
- 51 bottles Duffy's Malt Whiskey, 25c
- Extra quality Early June Peas, can 10c
- Good Carolina Rice, 5 lbs. for, 25c
- Winner Brand Condensed Milk, 10c; or, per dozen, \$1.10
- Large cans Borden's Peerless Milk, 3 cans, 25c; small size, 4c
- Wood's Best, C. Roe Herring, per dozen, 28c; per keg, \$2.75
- Large Juicy Lemons, dozen, 15c
- Swift's Premium Sugar-Cured Ham, per pound, 17c
- Extra Fine Sifted Pochontas Peas, 2 cans, 25c
- Gold Medal Flour, 38c bag; barrel, \$5.75
- Dunlop Flour, 34c bag; barrel, \$5.35
- Best Chipped Beef, can, 7c
- Corned Ham, lb., 11c
- Small cans Herring Roe, 6c
- 8 large bars Circus Soap for, 25c
- Large cans California Peaches, can, 15c
- California Canned Asparagus, can, 14c, 18c and 24c
- Libby's 1-lb. cans Corned Beef, 15c
- Best Sugar-Cured Breakfast Bacon, per pound, 15c
- California Sherry Wine, gallon, \$1.00
- 3 Chalmers Gelatine for, 25c
- Quart Lima Beans, 3 lbs. for, 25c
- Quart Mason Jar Queen Olives, 40c
- 5-lb. pails Home-Made Preserves, 35c
- 1-lb. cans Good Luck Baking Powder, 8c
- New Hominy and Grits, 2 lbs. for, 5c
- New Seedling Raisins, lb. pkg., 9c
- Caracota or Gold Medal Best Flour, 42c bag; per barrel, \$6.60
- 7 lbs. Loose Lump Starch, 25c
- Gold Medal Coffee, Java and Mocha mixture, 1-lb. cans, 30c; 5-lb. cans \$1.40
- Baker's Cocoa, can, 10c
- Smoked California Hams, lb., 11c
- Good Creamery Butter, per lb., 32c
- Absolutely Pure Leaf Lard, lb., 12c
- Good Lard, per lb., 10c

**ES. LILLMAN'S SON**  
308 E. MARSHALL ST.



THE CARPATHIA AND SOME OF THE SURVIVORS SHE IS BRINGING INTO PORT

Members of the crew, discredited all reports of suicide and say Captain Smith remained on the bridge until just before the ship sank, leaping only after those on the deck had been washed away. It is also related that, when a cook later sought to pull him aboard a lifeboat, he exclaimed: "Let me go," and jerking away, went down.

"What became of the men with life-preservers is a question asked since the disaster by many persons. The preservers did their work of supporting their wearers in the water until the ship went down. Many of those drawn into the vortex, despite the preservers, did not come up again. Dead bodies floated on the surface as the last boat moved away.

"To relate that the ship's string and gathered into the saloon, near the end, played 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' sounds like an attempt to give an added solemnity to a scene which was in itself the climax of solemnity. But various passengers and survivors of the ship say they heard this music. 'Some of the hearers of the strain brought the words: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Nearer to Thee."'

"In the loading of the first boat restrictions of sex were not made, and it seemed to the men who fled in the side the women that there would be boats enough for all. But the ship's officers knew better than this, and as advance toward the suspended craft, the order, 'Women first,' was heard, and the men were pushed aside.

"To the scene of the next two hours on those decks and in the waters below such scenes as 'dramatic' and 'tragic' do not point to the knowledge of deadly peril gaining greater power each moment over those men and women, the nobility of the seamen, officers, crew and stowaways, asserted itself.

"Isidor Straus, supporting his wife on her way to a lifeboat, was held back by an inexorable guard. Another officer strode to help her to a seat of safety, but she brushed away his arm and clung to her husband, crying, 'I will not go without you.'

"Another woman took her place and her form, clinging to her husband, became part of a picture now drawn indelibly in many minds. Neither wife nor husband, so far as any one knows, reached a place of safety.

"Colonel Astor, holding his young wife's arm, stood decorously aside as the officer spoke to him and Mrs. Astor, and her maid were ushered to seats. Mrs. Henry B. Harris parted in like manner from her husband, saw him last at the rail, beside Colonel Astor.

"Walter M. Clark, of Los Angeles, nephew of the Montana Senator, joined the line of men as his young wife sobbing, was placed in one of the craft. 'Let him come. There is room,' cried Mrs. Emil Tausig, as the men of the White Star Line motioned to her husband to leave her. It was with difficulty that he released her hold to permit her to be led to her place.

"Of Major Archibald Butt, a favorite with his fellow tourists; of Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk; of Benjamin Guinness, and of William S. Stead, no one seems to know whether they tarried too long in their staterooms, or whether they forebore to approach the fast filling boats. None of them was in the throng, which, weary hours afterward, reached the Carpathia.

"Only the hardest of constitutions could endure for more than a few moments such a numbing bath. The first breaking strokes gave way to heart-breaking cries of 'Help! Help!' and stiffened forms were seen floating, the faces relaxed in death.

"Revolver shots were heard in the ship's last moments. The first report spread among the boats was that Captain Smith had ended his life with a bullet. It was in the boat that he had shot a steward who had tried to push his way upon a boat against orders. None of these tales has been verified, and many of the crew say the captain, without a preserver, leaped in at the last and went down, refusing a cook's offered aid.

"The last of the boats, a collapsible, was launched too late to get away, and was overturned by the ship sinking. Some of those in it—all, say some witnesses—found safety on a raft, and were picked up by a lifeboat.

"Simultaneously those in the boats saw what those on the decks could not see—that the Titanic was listing rapidly to starboard and that her stern was rising at a portentous angle. A rush of stowaways toward the boats was checked by officers with revolvers. 'Some of the boats, crowded too full to give those a chance, drifted for a time. None had provisions or water; there was lack of covering from the ice and air, and the only lights were the still undimmed area and incandescents of the settling ship, save for one of the boats. There a steward appeared, carrying three oranges and a green light. That green light, many of the survivors say, was to the ship-wrecked hundreds as the pillar of fire by night. Long after the ship had disappeared, and while confusing false lights danced about the boats, the green lantern kept them together on the course which led them to the Carpathia.

"As the end of the Titanic became manifest but a matter of moments, the oarsmen pulled their boats away, and their hilling waters began to echo splash after splash as the passengers and sailors, in life preservers, leaped over and started swimming away to escape the expected suction.

"As the screams in the water multiplied another sound was heard strong and clear at first, then fainter in the distance. It was the melody of the hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' played by the string orchestra in the dining saloon. Some of those on the deck, clear as they realized that for the men who played the music it was a sacrament soon to be consummated by death. The siren strains of the hymn and the frantic cries of the dying blended in a symphony of sorrow.

"The light of stars, under the light of stars, the bow, then the quarter, then the stacks and last the stern of the marvel ship of a few days before passed beneath the waters.

"The Marconi tower almost to the last the click of the sending instrument was heard over the water.

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## SAD THROG WAITS IN DRIZZLING RAIN

People Hope Against Hope as  
Rescue Ship Steams  
Nearer.

### PIERS ARE HELD SACRED

Traffic Diverted and Annoyances  
Kept From Those Who  
Mourned.

New York, April 18.—In a drizzling rain 250 policemen gathered early tonight at the Cunard Line piers, on the North River, preparatory to handling the crowds. Inspector McCluskey was in charge of the squad, and ropes, dotted with green lights, were stretched for seventy-five yards in front of the piers to hold back the throngs.

No one without a special permit was allowed beyond these ropes. As early as 8 o'clock, automobiles, in which veiled women and silent men were seated, began arriving, and by 8:30 a small crowd had already entered the great steel and concrete structure which covers the piers.

A small passageway had been converted into headquarters for the newspapers and a meeting place for those who had been bereaved, or had relatives aboard the Carpathia. Although there was no rule for silence, every one talked in whispers.

Hope Against Hope. In this assemblage there were those who hoped against hope that some dear one was alive, although the list of survivors had failed to show their names.

The police regulations were made more rigid as the evening wore on. All traffic on West Street, directly in front of the piers, was diverted at Fourteenth Street, on the north, and at Thirtieth, on the south. Another line was drawn on the east at Eleventh Avenue. Thus the entire block immediately in front of the piers was held sacred to those immediately concerned in the tragedy.

Shortly before 8 o'clock news came that the Carpathia was passing the Statue of Liberty. At that hour more than fifty automobiles were parked in front of the piers to facilitate the landing of the survivors.

The early arrival of the Carpathia at quarantine surprised even the customs officers, 150 of whom were on the pier, under the direction of General Nelson W. Henry, surveyor of the port, who came to facilitate the landing of the survivors.

Five hundred friends and relatives had gathered inside the pier sheds at 8:30 o'clock, taking up their positions under the customs alphabetical arrangements, each one under the initial of the survivors.

The Carpathia at this time was a quarter of a mile down the Hudson and drawing near the docks. A stream of people was filing into the pier entrance, and the crowd was continued to take their places in the shed.

A committee from the New York Stock Exchange, headed by E. H. Thomas, president, came to the pier before the Carpathia arrived, bringing \$5,000 in cash to be distributed among those most in need of assistance. This money was raised on the exchange by popular subscription and brought to the pier in an oblong box. Mayor Henry assigned to the use of the money the little custom house on the pier.

Several Red Cross nurses and a dozen physicians arrived on the pier, and two ambulances from St. Vincent Hospital stood outside.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company had a special train waiting at its station at Thirty-fourth Street and a number of taxicabs to convey survivors desiring to go to Philadelphia to their homes.

An apartment for Mr. Ismay had been secured at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Many Are Weeping. J. P. Morgan, Jr., put in an appearance at the pier, and was about to dock, and a few moments after landing Mr. Thayer families, of Philadelphia, were also early arrivals, having chartered a special train over the Pennsylvania Railroad. There were a thousand persons in the sheds at 8:45 o'clock, many of whom were weeping. Outside the automobiles kept piling up.

The Carpathia was off the end of the pier ready to dock at five minutes to 9 o'clock. The pilot of a tugboat engaged to assist in warping her in announced that she could not dock until the lifeboats were taken off. A large number of Sisters of Charity from the various hospitals arrived in a number of ambulances. A commissioner of immigration was present to expedite the landing of a number of steerage passengers.

At ten minutes past 9 there was an agonized waiting while the boat was being slowly warped into her berth.

The scene at this time was one of great emotion and eager expectancy. The crowd had steadily augmented, but there was perfect order and an awe-like air of waiting. Automobiles continued to arrive in numbers, and the crowd about the entrance to the pier maintained a respectful silence. Within the vast enclosure the company of people was notwithstanding the precautions and the limit which had been placed upon the number of passes issued, dense, but serious and orderly.

As the Carpathia was passing into her slip she was surrounded by news-papers, and there were frequent flashes from cameras which were taking snapshots of the rescue ship, punctuating the silence like a series of bombs.

"The great ship came up slowly, and bagged hard time docking. Her decks were black with passengers.

There was a notable absence of the 'hilarity' and excitement usually attendant upon an ocean liner's arrival.

An air of solemnity was added to the presence of scores of white clad hospital attendants with stretchers, while, prepared for the worst, they mingled in the throng attaches from the coroner's staff. Many invalid chairs also were rolled up to the pier entrance and placed in waiting for those unable to walk.

When the ship docked at 9:30 the gang plank was quickly lowered, and the doctors and nurses went aboard. The first survivors began to leave the ship at 9:35. As they came into the street a dead silence fell over the crowd, and even the flashlight battery for a moment ceased its bombardment.

## DANIEL ESCAPED IN COLLAPSIBLE BOAT

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
New York, April 18.—Among the first survivors to leave the Carpathia was Robert W. Daniel, of Richmond, who told that Mrs. Astor had died.

Daniel said that the Titanic collided with the iceberg at 10:30 o'clock Sunday night, and sank at 2:30 o'clock Monday morning. He said that he was in bed at the time of the collision. He was awakened by the shock and jumped into a collapsible boat, which was picked up by the Carpathia five hours later. Hundreds, it seemed, did not wait for them and leaped overboard.

"What happened to you?" Daniel was asked. "Oh, I can't tell what happened. I hardly know myself," he replied. "I was naked. I grabbed something and uttered a prayer, then I went over the side of the boat. At this point Daniel was so overcome he had to be led to a rail where he rested for a few moments.

"Let me smoke a cigarette before I go on," he said. "After waiting for an interminable time with the collapsible boat in my hands, I felt the Titanic sinking under my feet. I could feel the bow go down. The storage batteries, furnishing its light, again gave out, and there was darkness. I tried to wait, but suddenly found myself leaping from the rail, awash up to the air, and I felt an eternity before I hit the water. When I came to I felt myself drawn into the suction, and when I felt a coil of ice near, I clung to it. For five hours I battled with the ice, and when I saw other boats near I almost gave up."

Hurt—Emmett. (Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Lynchburg, Va., April 18.—A marriage of much local interest took place last evening at the home of Mrs. Pendleton Emmett, when her daughter, Miss Ada Virginia Emmett, became the bride of Robert Hurt, Dr. W. W. Hamilton, of the First Baptist Church, was the officiating minister.

The groom was attended by John L. Hurt, of Danville, as his best man, and Mrs. D. Edwards, a sister of the bride, was the matron of honor.

William and Mary Defeated. (Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Williamsburg, Va., April 18.—University of South Carolina defeated William and Mary in a spirited game of basketball at Cary Field yesterday afternoon by the score of 5 to 1.

The first championship game of the season here will be played next Saturday afternoon between Hampden-Sydney and William and Mary.

While utterly exhausted from her experiences, Mrs. John Jacob Astor was declared to-night by Nicholas Biddle, a trustee of the Astor estate, for a few moments after landing from the Carpathia and then departed for her home, the Astor residence on upper Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Astor was said to be as well as could be hoped for in view of her ordeal, was in absolute no condition to discuss details of the disaster.

On landing from the Carpathia, the young bride, widowed by the Titanic's sinking, told members of her family what she could recall of the circumstances of the disaster. Of how Colonel Astor met his death she had no definite conception. She recalled, she thought, that in this confusion, as she was about to be put into one of the boats, the Colonel was standing by her side. After that, as Mr. Biddle recounted her narrative, she had no very clear recollection of the happenings until the boats were well clear of the sinking steamer.

Mrs. Astor, it appears, left in one of the last boats which got away from the ship. It was her belief that all the women who wished to go had been taken off. Her impression was that the boat she left in had room for at least fifteen more passengers. The men, for some reason which she recalled it to-night, she could not and does not now understand, did not seem to be at all anxious to leave the ship. Almost every one seemed to be dazed, or hope that he could be alive. I cannot think anything else," she said.

The woman said of her husband to her father, as she left the latter to go to the Astor home, according to some who overheard her parting remarks.

The chief steward steward of the Titanic, who came in on the Carpathia, said that he saw John Jacob Astor standing by the life ladder as the passengers were being embarked. His wife was beside him, the steward said. The Colonel left her to go to the nurses' office for a moment, and that was the last seen of him.

No matter how severe and obstinate your case may be, there's hope for you in B.B.B. Your money back if it fails to help you.

If the druggist can't supply you, write to The Blood Balm Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

When all else fails  
Just ask for B.B.B.

## MRS. ASTOR LEAVES SHIP UNASSISTED

Accompanied by Vincent Astor,  
Goes in Limousine to Fifth  
Avenue Home.

New York, April 18.—There were three automobiles to meet Mrs. Astor, Mr. Bobbin, the colonel's secretary, was on the pier all the evening. Preparations were made to take Mrs. Astor home to Colonel Astor's house at 840 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Astor, accompanied by another physician, were in attendance. Before the party on the pier had met Mrs. Astor, Dr. Frauenthal, when coming off the boat, was asked by a reporter as to Mrs. Astor's condition. "Mrs. Astor is well," said Dr. Frauenthal. The doctor added when told that Mrs. Astor had died, "That is not true; Mrs. Astor was well yesterday."

Just then young Vincent Astor was seen running toward his car, a big limousine directly in front of the procession of waiting automobiles stretching back a long distance. Vincent Astor cranked up the machine later. Hundreds, it seemed, did not wait for them and leaped overboard.

"How is Mrs. Astor?" he was asked. "She is well," he replied. "I am delighted to say that she is far better than I expected to find her."

"Are you taking Mrs. Astor home?" was the next question. "We are taking her there directly," he answered. The car was gathering headway as he said this.

"Have you any other good news?" young Astor was asked. "No," he said. "I have not yet dared to ask Mrs. Astor any questions." "No news of Colonel Astor?" "No," he again replied swiftly.

The limousine was running now at a rapid rate, and it disappeared in the White Star pier, where Mrs. Astor was waiting to enter young Astor's car. In the limousine was a suitcase filled with Mrs. Astor's clothing and other personal belongings, which had been taken to the pier to supply her immediate needs. Mrs. Astor walked down the gangplank unassisted, wearing a white sweater. She walked to the car and entered the car and was driven away.

At the home of William H. Force, father of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, a member of the family said to-night that Mrs. Astor had visited her father for a few moments after landing from the Carpathia and then departed for her home, the Astor residence on upper Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Astor was said to be as well as could be hoped for in view of her ordeal, was in absolute no condition to discuss details of the disaster.

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## BELIEVES BUTT KILLED HIMSELF

Washington Dodge Saw Him  
Standing on Deck and Heard  
Pistol Shot.

New York, April 18.—Among the first of the passengers to leave the pier were Washington Dodge, his wife and his seven-year-old son, whose large eyes shone with excitement from beneath the rolls of white mullers that bound him from head to foot. A camera man set off a flashlight directly in front of the party, but it only seemed to please the little boy. He shouted with joy.

Mr. Dodge said he estimated the time the ship sank was 12:15 A. M. He said that the last man he saw was Archibald Butt, who was standing still and erect on the deck. He was asked if he heard any shots. He replied, "Yes," "Suicide," said the reporter.

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Dodge. P. D. Only, of England, was one of the first to leave the pier. He said that he was above deck A, and the last man to scramble in the collapsible boat. He said for six hours he was wet to his waist with the icy waters that filled the boat nearly to the gunwales.

"The last of the boats, a collapsible, was launched too late to get away, and was overturned by the ship sinking. Some of those in it—all, say some witnesses—found safety on a raft, and were picked up by a lifeboat.

"Simultaneously those in the boats saw what those on the decks could not see—that the Titanic was listing rapidly to starboard and that her stern was rising at a portentous angle. A rush of stowaways toward the boats was checked by officers with revolvers. 'Some of the boats, crowded too full to give those a chance, drifted for a time. None had provisions or water; there was lack of covering from the ice and air, and the only lights were the still undimmed area and incandescents of the settling ship, save for one of the boats. There a steward appeared, carrying three oranges and a green light. That green light, many of the survivors say, was to the ship-wrecked hundreds as the pillar of fire by night. Long after the ship had disappeared, and while confusing false lights danced about the boats, the green lantern kept them together on the course which led them to the Carpathia.

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